

TOMBO-CHIQUE:
OR, THE
AMERICAN SAVAGE.

A
DRAMATIC
ENTERTAINMENT.

IN
THREE ACTS.
by John Cleland,



LONDON:
Printed for S. HOOPER and A. MORLEY,
at Gay's Head, near Beaufort Buildings, in
the Strand. 1758.

Persons of the Drama.

M E N.

Clerimont.
Mirabel.
Golding.
Tombo-Chiqui.
Tom.
A Jew-Pedlar.
Stranger.
Constables.



W O M E N.

Sylvia.
Violetta.

S C E N E, *London,*
And the Neighbourhood of it.



ADVERTISEMENT.

TH E first plan of the following Dramatic Entertainment was taken from nature itself, by Monsieur Rodot, who, after having filled very eminent posts in Canada, died superintendant of the Marine Classes in France. It was from his dictating, and at his suggestion and entreaty, that his friend the Abbot Alainval threw the character of a young savage, that had belonged to Monsieur Rodot into a dramatic form ; in a piece to which he gave the title of *Harlequin Sauvage*, and which was received in France with the highest applause.

A very ingenious gentleman of our nation, in a play called ART and NATURE, also exhibited this character on our stage, but with unequal success, perhaps because he had incorporated
the

ADVERTISEMENT.

the subject with a very indifferent piece of Rousseau's, entitled *Le Flateur*.

The present essay towards naturalizing this subject to our stage, was purely owing to an opinion of the merit of the original. How far justice may have been done it, the reader will pronounce, but he may be assured it is not published under the disgrace of rejection from our theatres, since it was never offered to them, and not impossibly he may, from the perusal, conclude, that the rightest thing that could be, was not to offer it.

A C T



ACT the FIRST.

SCENE I.

Clerimont. *Tom.*



CLERIMONT. Have you prepared every thing for my departure?

Tom. Yes, Sir. The vessel falls down the river to-morrow, and you may go on board her then as soon as you please.

Clerimont. You may be sure I will not lose a moment, when every moment, that I pass absent from Sylvia, appears to me an age. Welcome, even storms, so they blow but from a fair quarter, and quicken my passage to her arms.

Tom. Do not talk of storms, Sir, the very naming them may raise them; and I am sure we have had enough of them, with our shipwreck on the Spanish coast. Your young savage will not forget it in haste I warrant him.

Clerimont. It is true he was in a sad fright, and if our hazard of life, would have let me laugh, I should have split my sides at the passion he was in, and the names he called me for having exposed him to such a danger.

Tom. Yet when we struck, he was in the least confusion of any of us how to escape; he did not wait for the boat, but jumping over-board, swam like a fish to the shore; and, faith if it had not been for his activity, yourself and others would

6 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

have been lost, when the surge washed you out of the boat, just as it came to land.

Clerimont. That piece of service I shall never forget. But now you talk of Tombo-Chique, where did you leave him?

Tom. Hard by here, staring about him: you would laugh at his astonishment.

Clerimont. Oh! I can easily imagine it: 'twas to procure myself the pleasure of this surprize of his, that I took care he should not be instructed in our manners: the quickness of his perception, and the native shrewdness of his answers, gave me the first idea of bringing him to Europe in all his ignorance. I had a notion it would divert me to observe pure simple nature working in him, in comparison with the laws, arts, and sciences amongst us. The contrast will doubtless be singular.

Tom. Have you any more commands, Sir?

Clerimont. No. Only go and prepare every thing for to-morrow; I shall just step to look for an old friend, with whom I have a little business to settle—Let me see his directions. [*Pulls out his pocket-book and reads.*]

S C E N E II.

Mirabel.

Clerimont.

Mirabel. I begin to think, in good earnest, that marriages are written in heaven, and consummated on earth. Sylvia was scarce a day in town before I was over head and ears in love with her: I asked her of her father directly; he grants her me: ay, this is doing things without loss of time.—But who do I see? Is not that Clerimont? surely, its he himself. Captain Clerimont!

Clerimont. Ah! my dear friend, is it you?

Mirabel. I am over-joyed to see you. Believe me no one was more concerned than myself at your misfortune.

misfortune. Pardon my curiosity, since it has only friendship for its motive; was your being cast away, as fatal to your fortune, as was reported on the Exchange?

Clerimont. It would have been so, if I had not been compleatly insured; but that, joined to a considerable legacy, I find has since fallen to me, has made me over and above whole again.

Mirabel. You tell me the news in the world, that please me the most, and I congratulate you with all my heart. I suppose then, we shall have you with us now entirely. You will go no more voyages.

Clerimont. Yes, once more, and that immediately; tho' I am but this instant landed. I shall set out again for Hamburgh. Thence I am to bring the darling of my heart, a young lady to whom I was contracted, by her father's consent, just before I was forced to go and recover the fortune left me in America.

Mirabel. I give you joy, with all my heart, and to return you confidence for confidence, I am on the point of marriage too.

Clerimont. As I am persuaded you would not have made a choice that was not a deserving one, I congratulate you with all the spirit of friendship.

Mirabel. The lady is young, handsome, and seems to be sweet tempered, and a good fortune besides.

Clerimont. All very good things, for love to live upon. But pray who is she?

Mirabel. The daughter of a merchant, an old friend of mine, just arrived from Germany.

Clerimont. May the possession of this charming person, and the time you will have to know one another better, only encrease your harmony!

Mirabel. I cannot but be happy with her. But you will do me the honor of being at the wedding?

Clerimont. I would have even invited myself, but

8 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

but that I cannot possibly stay. You know the anxiety of an absent lover : let that plead my excuse ; but I'll try to call on you, and take leave before I embark. I have now some affairs to dispatch.

Mirabel. Do not let me be any hindrance then, I shall hope to see you before you set out.

S C E N E III.

Clerimont. Tombo-chiqui.

Clerimont. Let me consider which is my nearest way to——Oh, here is Tombo-chiqui.

Tombo-chiqui. What swarms of fools there are in this country !—Here you see some in fine cloaths, bridling like turkey-cocks ; there, others drawn about in cages ; I suppose their legs are broke, and the poor creatures cannot make use of them. But the devil of any thing like a man do I see amongst what they call their fine folks.

Clerimont. Now is he making his reflexions. I will enjoy them for an instant. How goes it Tombo-chiqui ?

Tombo-chiqui. Ah ! are you there, my friend ?

Clerimont. What was you thinking of ?

Tombo-chiqui. I think that this is a damned country, and that if you will take my advice, we will be gone out of it, as soon as we can.

Clerimont. Why ?

Tombo-chiqui. Why ? because I see a parcel of insolent savages, that lord it over others, of whom they make slaves, tho' they are in much the greater number, and yet are such dastards as to endure it. No, no, I will live amongst no such wretches.

Clerimont. The day will come, when you will approve, what your ignorance now condemns.

Tombo-chiqui. I must first degenerate into a wretch

too :

too : in the mean time, you appear to me very silly animals.

Clerimont. You do us a great deal of honor. But, harkee, you are to remember you are no longer amongst savages guided by nothing but the brutal coarse instinct of nature, but amongst civilized nations.

Tombo-chiqui. Civilized nations, hey ! pray what's that ?

Clerimont. Men who live subject to laws.

Tombo-chiqui. Subject to laws ! and pray what savages are the laws ?

Clerimont. They are not savages. Laws are a certain order suggested by reason to bind us to our duty, and to make men wise and honest.

Tombo-chiqui. You then of this country are, it seems, all born fools and knaves.

Clerimont. Why do you think so ?

Tombo-chiqui. From what you say ; if you want laws to make you wise and honest, you must be naturally fools and knaves. Nothing can be clearer.

Clerimont. How you argue ! we are born with our faults, like the rest of mankind ; but it is reason, only supported by a good education, that can reform them.

Tombo-chiqui. You have then such a thing as reason amongst you ?

Clerimont. Who doubts it ?

Tombo-chiqui. And what sort of a reason is yours ?

Clerimont. What do you mean ?

Tombo-chiqui. Nay, if you go to that, what do you mean ? I ask you what sort of a reason yours is ?

Clerimont. It is a natural light that enables us to discern good from evil, that we may do the one, and avoid the other.

Tombo-chiqui. What ! are you bantering me ? why, at that rate your reason is the very same as ours.

Clerimont. Doubtless ; there are not two reasons in the world.

Tombo-chiqui. But since you have reason, what occasion have you for laws ? for if reason teaches to do good, and avoid evil ; is not that sufficient ? what the devil do you want more ?

Clerimont. You do not yet comprehend the usefulness of laws : they learn us to make a good use of life, for our own service, and that of our fellow creatures. Our education makes us agreeable to them. If we offer them any thing, we accompany it with compliments, and a politeness that gives an additional value to the thing.

Tombo-chiqui. That is comical. Make me a compliment, that I may know what it is.

Clerimont. Suppose then I should ask you to dinner.

Tombo-chiqui. Very well.

Clerimont. Instead of saying bluntly, Tombo-chiqui, come and dine with me ; I say, politely, and with a bow, dear Tombo-chiqui, I entreat of you the honor to come and dine with me.

Tombo-chiqui. [*mimicking him.*] “ Dear Tombo-chiqui, I entreat of you the honor to come and dine with me.” Hah ! hah ! hah ! what an odd thing a compliment is.

Clerimont. You will not fare so well as you deserve.

Tombo-chiqui. But for the air of the compliment that goes with it, I should not thank you for that part of it.

Clerimont. I could wish the dinner were better for your sake.

Tombo-chiqui. I could wish the same : but why do not you get a better one then ? and drop all this impertinent preamble ?

Clerimont. It is not, but you will be very well entertained for all that ; 'tis only to make you under-

understand that I have so great a regard for you, that I think nothing good enough.

Tombo-chiqui. You think me very nice then. But come, I forgive you the compliment, since it does not hinder your treating me with a good dinner : though to tell you the plain truth, I had rather you had told me without any compliment at all, that you meant to entertain me as well as you could.

Clerimont. That is the least advantage education produces amongst men.

Tombo-c'iqui. It had need be so, for, faith, this, in my mind, is a very small one.

Clerimont. Education renders us humane and charitable.

Tombo-chiqui. So far, so good.

Clerimont. It teaches us to enter into other peoples afflictions, and to make them our own.

Tombo-chiqui. Nothing can be better.

Clerimont. It engages us to make our relief be before-hand with their wants.

Tombo-chiqui. That is excellent.

Clerimont. To protect innocence ; and punish guilt : it throws such conveniency into life, that, in this country, you find, as one may say, at your door all that you have occasion for, without any trouble to you : you have but to order, and in an instant you will have a hundred about you to supply your wants.

Tombo-chiqui. What ! do they bring you home all you want, without your being obliged to go a hunting for it.

Clerimont. Doubtless.

Tombo-chiqui. I do not wonder then you fare so well, and now I begin at length to have some notion how things stand : it is true you are all worthless at bottom, but then the laws make you better and happier than we are. If that is the case, I shall have to thank you for having brought me

out of my own country into yours. Forgive my ignorance. But you will readily allow, that on seeing things to all outward appearance go as they do, I could not at first imagine I was got amongst such a good sort of people.

Clerimont. I know it. I am going a little way now, but will tell you more another time. [Exit.

Tombo-chiqui. (alone) This is a strange country, I am got into! who the devil would have thought there were men in the world who stood in need of laws to make them honest?

S C E N E IV.

Golding. Sylvia. Violetta. Tombo-chiqui.

Golding. What do you say to this country, now Sylvia? you was but a child when you left it, and could have no idea of it.

Sylvia. What I see of it, I like extremely.

Golding. Should you like to live in it, and not return to Hamborough?

Sylvia. Oh, Sir, there is no comparison between this town and that.

Golding. Say you so? I am glad of it. You shall stay here then: here is my old friend's son Mirabel, has asked you in marriage, and I have promised you to him.

Sylvia. Heavens! how you surprize me! and what of Clerimont?

Golding. You must forget him: I am assured he has lost his all, when he was cast away; so that his present condition does not permit him to think of you, nor you of him.

Sylvia. And what is his condition to me? if he loves me still, and still deserves my love: he may have lost his fortune, but his merit was not cast away with him: that still remains to him.

Golding. Loss of fortune is loss of merit.

Sylvia.

Sylvia. May be so, but not to such a heart as mine. If it be true that he is ruined, the greater pleasure shall I have in rescuing him out of the hands of bad fortune, that he may receive at those of love, some recompence for what the storm has robbed him of.

Golding. Consult your heart less and your reason more. It is your reason that must advise you for your solid welfare.

Sylvia. I have no occasion for a separate consultation of my heart and reason; they are both very happily agreed on the matter.

During this Scene Tombo-chiqui walks loitering about the Stage, staring about him, and at last runs full-but against Golding.]

Tombo-chiqui. Hey day! does the man walk in his sleep, with his eyes open that he cannot keep out of one's way.

Golding. Who is this rude rascal with his antic drefs?

Tombo-chiqui, to *Sylvia.* What does the old fellow mean with his crabbed looks? am not I as much hurt as he is?

Sylvia. Sirrah, you deserve he should break every bone in your body.

Golding. And I have a hearty mind to do it.

Violetta. Pray, Sir, do not hurt him: do not you see he is some outlandish man, that looks as if he was lost.

Tombo-chiqui. That is a good girl; I suppose she knows more of the laws than the others do.

Sylvia. The poor man looks indeed as if he was out of his senses.

Tombo-chiqui. You are cursedly mistaken. I am a man of sense; though a very ignorant one: I pass here for an ass, a brute, a savage, that does
not

not know the laws ; in other respects, I am a very honest man ; a man of merit.

Sylvia. I believe you friend. The man frightens me.

Golding. A man of sense, though ignorant, an ass, a brute, and yet a man of merit. Hah, hah, hah !

Sylvia. There is something extraordinary in this. Hearkee friend, of what country are you.

Tombo-chiqui. Me ? I came out of a vast great wood, where there grow none but such ignorant creatures as myself, who do not know a tittle of the laws, and yet are naturally honest. Hah, hah, hah, we want no 'lessions, not we, to know our duty. We are so innocent, that our reason alone is sufficient for us.

Sylvia. If that is the case, you know a great deal. But how came you here ?

Tombo-chiqui. I came in a great huge canoo, so long, so long,—Phooh, that it was a day's journey from one end of it to the other. There were in it first I, then the captain, and then three other nations, sailors, soldiers, and officers, I think they called them.

Sylvia. His simplicity is extream : he is a savage, as he says, and probably knows nothing of our manners.

Tombo-chiqui. Oh, as to that matter nothing can be more ignorant : all, that I know, is that you are all born fools and knaves ; but the laws make you wise and honest : the captain it is who taught me so : he knows the laws to a hair, so he does. Do you know the laws too ?

Sylvia. Undoubtedly.

Tombo-chiqui. Then you are one of those civil girls are not you, that kindly offer your service to such as may want it ?

Sylvia. You do me a great deal of honor.

Tombo-

Tombo-chiqui. Still it runs in my head, that the girl there, with you, understands the laws better than any of you.

Sylvia. Why?

Tombo-chiqui. Because she is good natured, and just now interceded for your not doing me any harm. Tell me; as I think she is very pretty, whether you believe she can love me?

Sylvia. She will love you, no doubt, if she finds you deserve it. Try her. (I must divert myself a little at the expence of Violetta) [Aside.

Tombo-chiqui. She is devilishly tempting—You are very handsome in my eyes. I never saw a girl I could like better. I tell you nothing but the truth. I could not, if I would, tell you a lie; I do not so much as know how to go about it.

Violetta. You are very obliging, Sir.

Tombo-chiqui. Do not call me, Sir, I am no Sir, my name is Tombo-chiqui.

Violetta. *Tombo-chiqui!* A pretty savage name that!

Tombo-chiqui. What may your's be pray?

Violetta. *Violetta.*

Tombo-chiqui. *Violetta!* oh that is a sweet name, if but for being yours.

Sylvia. Hah! that is not so savage a compliment; methinks, for what he is, he is a pretty man.

Tombo-chiqui. Do your hear? Violetta, she says, I am a pretty man; do you think me so?

Violetta. Very pretty.

Tombo-chiqui. Do you love me then? for it is natural to love what you think pretty.

Violetta. We are not, in our country, so forward with our love; there must be a great deal of ceremony before it comes to that.

Tombo-chiqui. What would you have more? I will be hanged if here is not some trick of those laws of which I know so little: confound my ignorance!

norance ! if there is any thing wanting to make you love me, tell it me, and I will do it.

Violetta. You must say fine things, and do kind ones.

Tombo-chiqui. As to doing of kind things, I know how that is, perfectly well : I will do as many of them by you as you please ; but as to saying of fine things, that you must not expect, for I know nothing of the matter. In the mean time let us begin with doing of kind things : and the saying fine ones may come afterwards, as soon as I have learnt them. [Goes to caress her.]

Violetta. Hold ; you begin at the wrong end. It must be saying of fine things, that must first win the heart of your mistress and engage her to grant you the other.

Tombo-chiqui. But how the devil would you have me say fine things, when, I tell you, I do not know them ? teach them me, and I will say them after you.

Violetta. It is not my part to teach you.

Tombo-chiqui. How shall I do then ?

Sylvia. He is terribly puzzled. Harkee : to say fine things, is to praise the beauty of your mistress, by wittily comparing her to every thing that is most beautiful in the creation : and to make violent protestations of the sincerity with which you love her.

Tombo-chiqui. Odds my life is that it ? why then we say the finest things in the world, when we are in our woods : plague on my stupidity ! hear me only, and I will say some fine things to you in the stile of my country. Give ear, I say.

Violetta. I hear you.

Tombo-chiqui. You are more beautiful than the fairest day, your eyes are like the rising sun and moon, your nose is like a mountain gilded by their beams, and your face a charming plain adorned with

with all the flowers of the spring.—Well now ; is not this fine ?

Violetta. Not over and above so. I should be a horrible figure if I was like what you say. Two great eyes like the sun and moon, and a nose like a mountain ! bless me ! I should frighten people.

Golding. You are too nice, *Violetta*, I have heard the savages commonly talk in metaphors.

Tombo-chiqui. So you do not think what I said fine ?

Violetta. No.

Tombo-chiqui. That is no fault of mine : I know no better.—But hold, this perplexes me : give me but the time to learn these fine things that I do not as yet know, and in the mean while, let us make love together as we do in the woods : let us love one another savage-fashion,

Sylvia. *Tombo-chiqui*, is in the right, *Violetta*, you ought to make love after his manner, till he has learnt yours.

Tombo-chiqui. Ay ! for my manner is a very easy one : it may even be known without having learnt it at all. In my country, now, we present a lighted match to the girls ; if they blow it out, that is a mark they will grant you their favors : if they will not blow it out, that is the cue to leave them. This method is I dare swear as good as any in this country, for it cuts off all impertinent talk. [He lights a match.]

Golding. What do you say, daughter, to *Violetta's* conquest ?

Sylvia. That if it is not a splendid one, it is a more solid one than what many of our fine ladies can boast.

Tombo-chiqui. (with the match lighted) Here is a ceremony, which without any compliment at all, beats all the ceremonies in this country. (He presents the lighted match to *Violetta*, who blows it out.)

18 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

Oh, what joy! come along, let us lose no time; there is no need of further compliments; come my charmer.

(He takes her in his arms, and goes to run off with her.)

Violetta. Help, Sir, help, for heaven-sake!

Golding. Fair and softly friend, this is not the way to proceed here.

Tombo-chiqui. Why do you take the girl away from me?

Golding. Because violence is not allowed off here.

Tombo-chiqui. Neither do I use any violence: I have her consent, since she blew my match out.

Golding. Yet you heard how she called out for help.

Tombo-chiqui. What of that? they all squall out on the like occasion: though they would be sorry any one would be fool enough to mind them.

Sylvia. Things do not go on so fast in this country.

Tombo-chiqui. What is that to me? had not we agreed to make love savage-fashion?

Sylvia. Yes; but not as to that particular of blowing out the match. Violetta was not enough apprized of the consequence; the taking that advantage, would be doing her too great an injury.

Tombo-chiqui. And why? is not she at her own disposal in what may please herself, when the thing does no harm to any one else?

Sylvia. No, it is forbidden.

Tombo-chiqui. You are great fools, to forbid yourselves any pleasure, that nature does not forbid you.

Sylvia. Harkee me, if you will behave yourself as you should do, I will give you Violetta. Do you see that house?

Tombo-chiqui. Yes.

Sylvia.

Sylvia. It is there Violetta and I live. Come and see us, and we will teach you to make love after our country-fashion.

Tombo-chiqui. Let us along then.

Sylvia. Not at present, you shall come some other time.

Tombo-chiqui. And why not this minute?

Sylvia. Because Violetta has business.

Tombo-chiqui. But I have no business, not I.

Sylvia. May be so; but Violetta has, and you ought to have some complaisance for her.

Tombo-chiqui. Is complaisance then a fine thing?

Sylvia. Without doubt: there is nothing more so.

Tombo-chiqui. Go then about your business, but be sure you make haste, for I am in a hurry.

Violetta. Good bye, Tombo-Chiqui. [*She goes out with Sylvia and Golding.*]

SCENE VI.

Tombo-Chiqui. A Jew Pedlar.

Pedlar. Sir, will you please to buy any thing?

Tombo-chiqui. Hey!

Pedlar. Will you have any of my wares, look at them: fine necklaces, stone-buckles, rings, seals? (*He opens his box.*)

Tombo-chiqui. Why do you shew me all this?

Pedlar. That you may see if any thing pleases you?

Tombo-chiqui. And if any thing pleases me, will you part with it to me?

Pedlar. Gladly; I desire no better.

Tombo-chiqui. (*aside*) The captain was in the right faith! he did not tell me a word of a lie. So you go about the country, carrying these fine things to see who will take them off your hands?

Pedlar. To be sure, Sir, I must needs do so.

Tombo-chiqui. Oh the good people these, the good people! and what a fine thing the laws are!

Pedlar. Please, Sir, to see what you like.

Tombo-chiqui. Well! so much goodness confounds me.

Pedlar. Have I any thing that pleases you?

Tombo-chiqui. Every thing there pleases me.

Pedlar. Well then, take every thing.

Tombo-chiqui. But then, I shall leave you nothing.

Pedlar. So much the better: we are never better pleased than when we get all our goods off our hands. (By his dress this is some ignorant foreigner, and I shall make a rare penny of him.)

Tombo-chiqui. You call yourself a pedlar then?

Pedlar. Yes.

Tombo-chiqui. I am glad I know the name of so honest a man. Here give me all then. It shall never be said I am not as free in taking as you are in giving, (Well! I can never thank the captain enough for bringing me amongst such a good sort of people.) (He takes all.)

Pedlar. But what will you give me now?

Tombo-chiqui. I? — I have nothing to give you, and am very sorry for it; for I am naturally good-natured, though I do not know the laws.

Pedlar. This will not do for me: I must have sixty guineas.

Tombo-chiqui. May I perish if I have a single guinea, or know what a guinea is.

Pedlar. Return me my goods then.

Tombo-chiqui. Pooh! you are only in jest sure.

Pedlar. There is no jesting in the matter: return me my goods, I say, or I will go and complain.

Tombo-chiqui. To whom, pray.

Pedlar. To a justice of peace.

Tombo-chiqui. What animal is that?

Pedlar. He is a man of worship, a man of authority,

thority, that sees the laws are executed, and those hanged who break them : do you mark that ?

Tombo-chiqui. So that if you should break the laws, he would hang you too ?

Pedlar. To be sure.

Tombo-chiqui. And nothing but right : by what I can see, the honesty of these people is not voluntary, it goes against the grain ; they would not be honest but for fear of these same laws.

Pedlar. Come, Sir, I am in no jesting humor ; pay me, or return me my goods.

Tombo-chiqui. May I perish if I know what you mean : “ Pay me — give me sixty guineas,” — what cursed nonsense is all that ?

Pedlar. Was ever the like heard off ?

Tombo-chiqui. What are you angry at ? you came to offer me your goods in pure friendship, I took them to please you, and now forsooth ! you put yourself into a passion with me ? are not you ashamed of yourself ?

Pedlar. You are some rogue, and if you do not return me quickly what you have of mine, I will

Tombo-chiqui. Hold, there ! if you do not get off the ground this instant, I will knock your brains out.

Pedlar. How now ? is this the way to pay people ? thieves ! robbers ! (*He goes to collar Tombo-chiqui who beats him*) help ! murder !

Tombo-chiqui. I must scalp the dog. (*He puts his hand to his hatchet or tombyawk, and the Pedlar runs away leaving his wig behind him.*)

SCENE VII.

Tombo-chiqui. (alone)

Oh ho ! what the devil is this : this head of hair is not natural as far as I can see, the people here are nothing of what they appear to be,
and

and every thing is artificial amongst them, goodness, wisdom, wit, and even to the hair of their head. Faith, I begin to be afraid in good earnest, of living any longer amongst such animals. Let me go and find out the captain, to know of him what the meaning of all this is.

End of the first Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Tombo-chiqui. Constables.

Tombo-chiqui. I cannot find this captain of mine. He told me the people of this country were a good sort of people, and I find them all as full of mischief as the devil. But hold! does not this proceed from my ignorance?

Const. There goes a man very like the description given us. Let us make up to him. Good-day to you, Sir.

Tombo-chiqui. The same to you (*He goes round them, surveys them, and says aside*) What damned ill-looking savages these are?

Const. Did not you see a Pedlar go by this way!

Tombo-chiqui. One who carried his goods about to put tricks upon travellers?

Const. Nay, for the matter of that, that would be no wonder.

Tombo-chiqui. A little ugly man?

Const. The very man.

Tombo-chiqui. Hah, hah, hah! yes, yes,—I saw him.—He has used me like the rascal he looks to be.

Const.

Const. Odso, brothers (*to his assistants*) may be, he has cried rogue first.

Tombo-chiqui. I tell you, he has played me a most damned villainous trick : but I have paid him for it ; for I do not love to be put upon.

Const. You are in the right on't : see what a villain this must have been. He told us you had taken his goods, and would not give him any thing for them.

Tombo-chiqui. He told you so, did he ?

Const. Yes.

Tombo. I am glad of it, he told you nothing but what was fact.—Did he tell you too, that I beat him heartily ?

Const. Yes ; he did not leave out that part of the story.

Tombo-chiqui. You surprize me ! I did not think there had been so much truth in him. Oh ! there he is.

SCENE II.

Pedlar. Tombo-chiqui. Constables.

Tombo-chiqui. Harkee me ! rascal, is it not true, that you came and offered me your goods ?

Pedlar. Well, and what of that ? gentlemen, that is the robber.

Tombo-chiqui. Did not I take your goods ?

Pedlar. Yes.

Tombo-chiqui. Did not you, upon that, want me to give you so many guineas, or return you your goods ?

Pedlar. Certainly : I demanded sixty guineas, and that is no more than they were richly worth.

Tombo-chiqui. Hear me, I say, did not I tell you, that I had no guineas to give you ?

Pedlar. Yes.

Tombo-chiqui. Did not I tell you too, that I would not return you your goods ?

Ped-

Pedlar. You did so.

Tombo-chique. Was not you in a passion, because I would do neither?

Pedlar. To be sure I was in a passion, and had not I cause for it?

Tombo-chique. Now, gentlemen, mind what I am going to say; did not I, you rascal, instead of sixty guineas, give you sixty, at least, hearty blows with a cudgel?

Pedlar. If I had forgot it, my poor shoulders would have remembered me.

Tombo-chique. Well now; mind if I have told a word of a lie. He dares not deny a tittle of what I charge him with.

Const. We mind you, and shall faithfully report it.

Pedlar. Gentlemen, there needs no other proof than his own confession.

Const. We are sufficiently clear in the fact, and you shall have justice.

Tombo-chique. (to the Constable) Hark ye; this rascal does not half know the laws: do you know what I intend to do?

Const. Not I, faith!

Tombo-chique. I will go to the judge, or justice of peace, as he calls him, and desire him to give him a lesson of the laws.

Const. Right. We will carry you to him, we warrant you: come along with us.

Tombo-chique. I cannot at present.

Const. You must though: for we cannot do without your company there.

Tombo-chique. I tell you, I can't go with you, I can't indeed! I have business elsewhere.

Const. You may do it another time.

Tombo-chique. No, it is a very urgent one; I am in love with a pretty girl hard by: as soon as I have seen her, I will come to you, if I can.

Const.

Const. Come along, Mr. Rogue, this shamming the fool will not pass: I know you, come along with us, I say.

Tombo-chiqui. What does all this mean?

Const. Mean? why, that you are to go to prison.

Tombo-chiqui. I will not go, that I won't.

Const. But you will be made to go.

Tombo-chiqui. If you provoke me, I will desire the judge to give you too a lesson of the laws.

Const. Come along: he will give you such an one, that you will never need another after it.

Tombo-chiqui. I will have none of his lessons, not I; the captain will teach me the laws well enough, without his assistance.

Const. He will begin too late now, for I promise you, that, in a very short time, you will be hanged by the neck, till you are dead, dead.

Tombo-chiqui. Who, I?

Const. Yes, you.

Tombo-chiqui. For what, pray?

Const. For all the pretty feats you have just now confest.

Tombo-chiqui. Harkee me! if you put me in a passion, I will knock your brains out, yours, and all the rascals you have with you.

Const. Seize him there!

The Constables rush upon Tombo-chiqui, and are hurrying him away just as Clerimont enters.

S C E N E III.

Clerimont. (Aside.)

Surely, that's Tombo-chiqui in the Constable's hands: he has been committing some blunder. Gentlemen, where are you carrying that man? he belongs to me.

Const. Sir, he is some street-robber, or highway-

wayman; we are carrying to prison, for robbing this pedlar.

Pedlar. Yes, Sir, he has robbed me.

Tombo-chiqui. Ah! thou cursed villain of a captain! may the great Spirit of the universe exterminate you, and all the civilized men of your country; who come very civilly to offer you things to entrap a man, and hang him afterwards till he is dead, dead! ah traitor! did you bring me out of my native woods only to play me this trick?

Pedlar. Thus it is he shams innocence: I wanted just now to sell him my goods; he took them, and then pretended to believe I had given them him: he would pass for an idiot that had never seen money, and at last payed me with nothing, but such a beating, as I shall not soon have done feeling.

Clerimont. Harkee me, gentlemen, this poor man is a savage whom I brought home with me. He has not the least knowledge of our customs; and but this morning, to divert myself with his ignorance, I told him that he would have every thing supplied him here without any trouble, and that there were people who would offer him whatever he wanted: I did not explain to him what money was, and he has taken every thing I said in a literal sense, because he knew no better: so that I am the innocent cause of the damage he has done, and am ready to repair it. Tell me, sir, what he has of yours, and I will pay for it.

Const. If that is the case, the poor man is not to blame, only pay the pedlar, and take your wild-man home with you.

Pedlar. Let him return me the goods, and I will have no more trouble with him.

Clerimont. Have you got the things about you, that you took?

Tombo-chiqui. Yes, I have them: but I will have none of them now: I should be sorry to keep any

any thing belonging to such a rascal. Here take them.

Const. There is a suit soon ended.

Clerimont (to the Constable) There, friend, is something to drink amongst you. (*Gives him money.*)

Const. God bless your honor!

Pedlar. We are all satisfied: but, Sir (to Clerimont) may be your savage is not yet content: that he might have nothing to reproach me with, I could wish to return him the beating I had of him.

Tombo-chiqui. No; I will not take it back; when I give a thing, I give it, and for good: do you mark me?

Const. (to Tombo-chiqui) Sir, I am your most humble servant. (*They go off.*)

Tombo-chiqui. Go to the devil, you and yours.

S C E N E IV.

Clerimont. Tombo-chiqui (*pouting and looking sullenly at the audience, without speaking, or turning towards him.*)

Clerimont. There he stands, terribly out of humor: I must go through with the jest. Well, Tombo-chiqui, this is a blessed country, and the inhabitants of it a very agreeable good sort of people, as you see (*Tombo-chiqui looks sullenly at him without speaking*) what, not a word? you ought at least to thank me for saving you from being hanged.

Tombo-chiqui. May you, your countrymen, and your country, all be damned together.

Clerimont. Why, so uncharitable a wish?

Tombo-chiqui. Nothing but in just return for your having brought me into your civilized country, where all the goodness you make show of, is but a snare you set to catch those who are fools enough to trust you: but I know you now, every thing is false and hollow amongst you.

Clerimont. That is because you do not know enough of what ought to be known, to find out our worth; but I will be your instructor.

Tombo-chiqui. You are a man of words, and nothing more. But speak, speak, since you are so fond of hearing yourself prate: besides I should be curious to hear what fetch you can have, to prove that this pedlar is not a rogue.

Clerimont. Nothing is easier. We do not live here in common as you do in your woods. Every one has his property a-part, and we can only make use of what belongs to us. It is for the preservation of that property that the laws are established: they punish those who take another's goods away, without paying for them, and for such an action it is that you was to have been hanged.

Tombo-chiqui. Very well! but what do you give then for what you take?

Clerimont. Money.

Tombo-chiqui. Money? what is that.

Clerimont. There is some.

Tombo-chiqui. Is that money? it is devilish comical. (*He puts it to his mouth*) oh! oh! fdeath! it is so hard, it breaks my teeth.

Clerimont. It is not to be eaten.

Tombo-chiqui. What is to be done with it then?

Clerimont. It is to be given for those things one wants. It might almost be called a security, because with this money you are sure of finding every thing you want.

Tombo-chiqui. Pray what is it you call a security?

Clerimont. When a man has given his word, and another will not credit him, then security is required, that is to say, some other person engages himself to make good his promise, if he should fail.

Tombo-chiqui. Oh shameful! away! stand off! keep your distance.

Clerimont. Why?

Tombo-

Tombo-chiqui. Because I am afraid of all such people as stand in need of security to be given for them.

Clerimont. I want none for me : I may be trusted without it.

Tombo-chiqui. That is more than I know : I want security from you, after all the lies you have told me. But this same money is not a man, and consequently cannot pass its word for you : how then can you call it a security ?

Clerimont. It may very well serve for it, and is more worth than all the words in the world.

Tombo-chiqui. Your words then are not worth much ; and I do not wonder now you have told me so many lies : but I will be no longer your bubble. If you would have me trust you, give me some of those same securities.

Clerimont. With all my heart : here are some for you.

Tombo-chiqui. What wretches these are, that one must take such precautions with them ! I blush for him ;—but yet this is better than being hanged. Now speak ; I will hear you.

Clerimont. You see, by what I tell you, that nothing is to be had here for nothing, and that every thing is acquired by exchange. Now to make such exchange easier, money was invented, which is a common and universal merchandize, that is to be exchanged for every thing, and with which you may have every thing you want.

Tombo-chiqui. What ! by giving these baubles, one may have every thing one wants ?

Clerimont. Certainly.

Tombo-chiqui. That seems very ridiculous to me ; since one can neither eat nor drink them.

Clerimont. Very true : but then you may buy meat and drink with them.

Tombo-

30 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

Tombo-chique. That is comical, faith! but perhaps your customs are not, after all, so bad as I thought them. So that with money you say, one may have all one's wants supplied without care or trouble.

Clerimont. Yes, with money, you need not want any thing.

Tombo-chique. That is special convenient and well invented. Why did not you tell me so at first? I would not have run the risk of being hanged. But, tell me quickly, where this money is given away, that I may go and lay in a stock of it.

Clerimont. There is none given away.

Tombo-chique. Well, where must I go and take it then?

Clerimont. Neither is it to be taken.

Tombo-chique. Teach me then how to make it.

Clerimont. Yet less; you would infallibly be hanged if you was to make a single piece of it.

Tombo-chique. How the devil can one come by it then? it is not given away—you must not take it—you are not allowed to make it—I can't conceive any thing of all this nonsense.

Clerimont. I will explain it to you. There are two sorts of people amongst us, the poor and the rich. The rich have all the money, the poor have none.

Tombo-chique. Very well.

Clerimont. So, that the poor may have some, they are obliged to work for the rich, who give them money in proportion to the work they do for them.

Tombo-chique. And what do the rich do, whilst the poor work for them?

Clerimont. They sleep, saunter about, and pass their time in diverting themselves, and living upon the best of the land.

Tombo-

Tombo-chiqui. That is pure and convenient for the rich.

Clerimont. That convenience you think they have, is often the cause of all their misery.

Tombo-chiqui. Why?

Clerimont. Because riches only serve to multiply the wants of men. The poor work only to get the necessities of life, but the rich labor to obtain superfluities, which with them have no bounds, because of the ambition, luxury, and vanity that devour them. The worst labor, that of the mind, imaginary indigence, and diseases are forever with them produced by their riches.

Tombo-chiqui. But if this be so, the rich are poorer than the poor, since their wants are more numerous.

Clerimont. Your conclusion is perfectly just.

Tombo-chiqui. Shall I tell you what my opinion of these your civilized nations is?

Clerimont. Well, what do you think of them?

Tombo-chiqui. I cannot but tell you the truth, see you? for I have no securities to give you for my word. I think you are fools, who believe yourselves wise; ignorant, who believe yourselves knowing, poor, who believe yourselves rich, and slaves, who believe yourselves free.

Clerimont. Why all this?

Tombo-chiqui. Because it is truth. You are fools, for that you take a great deal of pains to come at a number of things that are useless or even hurtful to you: you are poor, because you confine your notion of riches to money, or to the trash that money can procure, instead of enjoying pure nature as we do, who desire nothing, that we may freely enjoy every thing. You are slaves to your possessions, which you prefer to your liberty, and to your fellow creatures, whom you would hang, were they to take any the least part from you, of
that

that which is useless to you. In short you are ignorant, because you make your wisdom consist in knowing the laws, at the same time that you are strangers to reason, which would teach you to do without laws as we do.

Clerimont. I grant it; we are fools, but fools reduced to the necessity of being so.

Tombo-chiqui. Your greatest folly consists in your believing that you are obliged to be fools.

Clerimont. But what would you have us do? as things stand, money is a necessary of life, without some we should be forced to work to get it, for the poor can have nothing for nothing.

Tombo-chiqui. This distribution of things is foolish enough. But, hold, now you put me in mind of it: I have no money, and consequently I am what you call poor.

Clerimont. Certainly.

Tombo-chiqui. What! must I be obliged to labor like those wretches for a livelihood?

Clerimont. You ought not to doubt it.

Tombo-chiqui. May the great devil of all take you!—why, then, traitor, did you decoy me out of my own country, only to let me know that I was poor? I should have been ignorant of it all my life but for you. In the forests I knew nothing either of riches or poverty. I was to myself my king, my master and my servant. And here you have cruelly brought me out of that happy state, and for what? why to make me discover that I am a wretch and a slave.—Answer me, thou traitor, thou monster of a man! without faith or conscience?

(*He weeps.*)

Clerimont. Be comforted, my dear Tombo-chiqui, I am rich myself, and will supply all your wants.

Tombo-chiqui. And I will receive nothing from you: as in this country you give nothing for nothing, so I, having no money to give you, which

is

is it seems the cursed serpent that stings you all, you would expect me to sell myself to you, in quality of your slave, like the domestic drudges I see serve you. But I will live and die a free man, like my ancestors, and desire nothing more. Return me then to whence you took me, that I may go and forget in my forrests, that there are such things in the world, as poor and rich.

Clerimont. Do not disquiet yourself: you shall be happy; I give you my word of it.

Tombo-chiqui. Your word? a fine word indeed! that is not worth that. (*snaps his fingers.*)

Clerimont. Well then, I will give you as many securities as you can desire.

Tombo-chiqui. Since it must be so, come, in spite of all my strong contempt of your countrymen, I will be satisfied to stay here for the sake of you, and of a pretty girl called Violetta, with whom I am in love.

Clerimont. Violetta! did you say. Sylvia's maid's name was Violetta. Where did you see this girl?

Tombo-chiqui. There, where you just now met with me.

Clerimont. What sort of a girl is she?

Tombo-chiqui. Oh, she is very pretty.

Clerimont. Tall?

Tombo-chiqui. Not over-tall.

Clerimont. Fair, or brown?

Tombo-chiqui. Fair.

Clerimont. Was she by herself?

Tombo-chiqui. No: she was with another girl, rather more slender than herself, and with an old man, that looked as gruff, as a winter's day. You may see the house, from hence, they went into. That's it at the corner.

Clerimont. 'Sdeath! that's my friend Mirabel's. The old man he describes cannot be Golding, sure! and yet I do not know how my mind misgives

E

me.

me. But how can Sylvia be in London? she must be in Hamburgh. Then again, Mirabel told me his intended bride was just come from Germany, and was the daughter of a merchant. It is not impossible but that merchant may be Golding. Heaven avert from me the ills I dread! I must clear up this point, and seek out Mirabel.

Tombo-chiqui. What do you say?

Clerimont. Nothing.

Tombo-chiqui. Violetta had blown out my lighted match, but they would not let me carry her off, because they said I must say fine things to her first, that I might obtain the liberties of a lover with her; for this, it seems, is the method of making love in this country.

Clerimont (thoughtfully.) No! surely, she would not be so ungrateful, as to play me false.

Tombo-chiqui. Heyday, are you talking to yourself?

Clerimont. No! no! it can never be.

Tombo-chiqui. "No! no! it can never be."—The man's mad. Will not you then, dear captain, teach me to say fine things?

Clerimont. Yes! by and by. I am in such an agitation, that I can't command myself: I must go and find out Mirabel. But here he comes very opportunely.

SCENE V.

Mirabel. Clerimont. Tombo-chiqui.

Mirabel. Dear Clerimont, well met again. (*Embraces him.*)

Clerimont. I was going this instant to look for you. The hurry in which I parted from you last; did not allow of my asking you some particular questions that concern you; but now I hope you will forgive my curiosity, if I trouble you with them

them. You said your intended wife was just come from Germany.

Mirabel. It is very true.

Clerimont. May I ask you from what part of Germany?

Mirabel. From Hamburgh.

Clerimont. I know that town. Of what family, pray?

Mirabel. She is the daughter of a rich English merchant of that place, now in London.

Clerimont. His name?

Mirabel. Golding : his daughter's is Sylvia.

Clerimont. Oh Heaven !

Mirabel. Whence this surprize, do you know her?

Clerimont. Yes.

Mirabel. Is not she a deserving girl?

Clerimont. She is all that can engage the heart of a man of the most delicate discernment. But what will surprize you in your turn, is, that this Sylvia is the very identical person I was proceeding in quest of, to Hamburgh.

Mirabel. You?

Clerimont. Yes, I. You may judge by the passion which I expressed to you, what my sentiments ought to be at present. I love her. Love her, did I say? I adore her; and I would lose a thousand lives, rather than suffer another to get her from me.

Mirabel. You surprize me. I own I did not expect to meet with a rival in you.

Clerimont. I yet less dreamed of finding one in you. It is the severest stroke that could fall upon me; but, after all, friendship must give place in hearts, where love reigns. Therefore, *Mirabel*, you must take your resolution, and yield me Sylvia, or dispute her with me, at your sword's point.

Mirabel. I did not expect our interview would have ended in a combat, but since you will have it

so, Sylvia is worth a friend at any time. If you have her, you shall not have her, at least, till you have won her from me. [*They draw.*

Tombo-chiqui. So ho there! what are you about?

[*Rushes in between them.*

Clerimont. Stand away, I tell you.

Mirabel. I will run my sword through your body, if you do not get out of the way.

Tombo-chiqui. And I will beat both your brains out. Fine friends, truly! they embrace one another, and then go to cutting one another's throats the minute after.

Clerimont. Leave us: we have our reasons.

Tombo-chiqui. What reasons? I will know them.

Clerimont. We must get rid of him, and decide our difference afterwards. We are both of us in love with the same girl, and it is to know which of us shall have her, that we are going to fight.

Tombo-chiqui. Very well: why do not you go to her then with a lighted match, and see whose she will blow out first? The other's turn may come after.

Clerimont. That won't do here: we want to marry her.

Tombo-chiqui. Oh! that's another matter. I did not know that. You cannot, it is true, both marry her.

Mirabel. And it is to know which of us shall marry her, that we are to fight. So, stand out of the way.

Tombo-chiqui. Oh! the fools! the fools! — But tell me, is he that kills the other, to marry the girl?

Mirabel. Yes.

Tombo-chiqui. Yes! — and how do you know, if she will have him: she loves, doubtless, one of you, better than the other. So that, before you fight

fight, you ought to go and ask her, whose throat of the two she would chuse to have cut ?

Clerimont. But——

Tombo-chiqui (to Clerimont) But me no buts.——
I say, yes, stupid simpleton, that you are : for if it is him she loves, and you kill him, she will hate you the more for it, and have nothing to say to you.

Mirabel. Faith ! Clerimont, I begin to think he is in the right.

Clerimont. Nay, I can't absolutely say he is in the wrong.

Tombo-chiqui. Hear me : you are both of you great fools ; instead of fighting ; go at once to the girl, and ask her which of you she will have. Let him she chooses marry her ; and the other may go look out another wife, without being impertinently angry with a man who does him no injury, since he is as free to wish the possession of her as himself, and that it is no fault of his if she loves him best.

Clerimont. Tombo-chiqui is but a savage, and yet his plain reason has suggested to him a sentence that would not disgrace the bench of the twelve judges. What do you say, shall we subscribe to it ?

Mirabel. Or we should be greater savages than himself. But let us first settle our preliminaries. If Sylvia has forgot you, or prefers me to you, you will not dispute her with me ?

Clerimont. I should be very sorry to have such a thought. If her heart but demurs upon the option, I renounce her, leave her, and will never see her again.

Mirabel. And I declare to you, that if she still loves you, I quit all claim to her.

Clerimont. Has she encouraged your addresses ? has she given you any reason to think she loved you ?

Mirabel. I cannot directly say she has : only she
is

is so civil and obliging, that I had no reason to despair. The little time I have known her did not allow of my discovering what is in her heart: but her father assured me of her obedience, and I should think he knew her disposition. But as to you, did she ever love you?

Clerimont. At least the false one (how it tortures me but to suppose she can be so?) used to say she loved me, and her father approved of my courtship. Probably the reports that have run of my being ruined, have changed him; but that I can easily forgive his covetous sordid temper. But if Sylvia has been capable of such a sentiment, I will never bear to hear of her more.—But come, let us not trifle away time, let us hasten to have this point decided.

Mirabel. I begin to fear I risk more than you. When your presence shall have dissipated the reports of your misfortune, Sylvia may even from a principle of interest feel her tenderness for you revive.

Clerimont. Ah! say you so? to give you then yet a fairer chance; I permit you, nay I beg of you to say nothing to her of my fortune being saved. I would disdain to have so mean a concern as that mix with that purity of love, mine deserves from her.

Mirabel. I confess that is generous.

Clerimont. Let us prepare then to go together, and you, dear Tombo-chiqui, come along with us, we are both obliged to you, for inspiring us with a better use of our senses.

Tombo-chiqui. I suspect this to be one of your what-d'ecall-um compliments, however, it has rather a better sound with it, than that you taught me a-while ago, about asking a man to a bad dinner.

The End of the second Act.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A retired walk, a little way out of town.

Tombo-chiqui alone, and gaily drest.

Thank Heaven! I am at length escaped out of that cursed nonsensical town, to breathe a few moments fresh air, in a place that somewhat reminds me of my dear native woods.—But, what a figure do I make! here am I dressed out, just as they would have me: with an artificial head of hair, my coat, it is true, is a fine coat: but, in what am I the better for it, since still the coat is not *me*? Those people too tell me I am handsome, who but the instant before, neither said it, nor very likely thought it. Coat! I thank you then for this new merit of mine. Hah, hah, hah, now I think of it, the captain is as great a fool as the rest: the poor young man's natural sense is spoiled, by what he calls the laws of the country: I am sorry for it; for at the bottom he is a good sort of a man enough.

S C E N E II.

Tombo-chiqui. A Stranger.

Stranger. In this overwhelming distress of mine, solitude is my only refuge: here, at least, under these unfrequented shades, I may complain at liberty, of the injustice of mankind.

Tombo-chiqui. That man seems vexed.

Stranger. Happy! a thousand times happy the savages, who simply follow the laws of nature, and have never heard of Coke upon Lyttleton, or of the *Praxis Curia Cancellariæ*.

Tombo-

40 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

Tombo-chiqui. Ay! this is a rational creature.— You are in the right, friend, you are all knaves or fools in this country.

Stranger. What does the man want with me?

Tombo-chiqui. Tell me the truth: I dare swear, you too have lately been in danger of hanging.

Stranger. You are very impertinent, methinks! I am no such person: hanging is not for a man like me.

Tombo-chiqui. That is a good air, faith! your betters are hanged every day: do you know, that I myself had like to have been tucked up, but just now?

Stranger. You?

Tombo-chiqui. Yes, I myself, in my own proper person.

Stranger. I suppose there were good reasons for it then.

Tombo-chiqui. They had no reasons, but such as pass in your country, that is to say, damned villainous ones. A rascal of a pedlar came to offer me his goods: I took them out of stark love and friendship, and he wanted me to give him money, forsooth! I had none: at which he grew angry, and so did I too: in short, I payed him with a drubbing to his heart's content. That is all the reasons they had, when the rogue went to fetch other rogues to take me up and hang me, and my business was done, if the captain had not rescued me out of their hands.

Stranger. (aside) (I wanted but this to finish me. This must be a dressed up foot-pad, who has his gang and some rogue he calls their captain at hand.)

Tombo-chiqui. What are you muttering?

Stranger. I say, the Pedlar was very much in the wrong.

Tombo-chiqui. Without doubt he was: a greater rascal there could not exist.

Stran-

Stranger. Certainly, and you are in the right to be in a passion: for, let me tell you, it is no jesting matter to be hanged.

Tombo-chiqui. How, death! a jesting matter? it is a damned serious one; and when I think of it, I am in such a rage I can hardly contain myself.

Stranger. You should take care not to expose yourself to it again. Good bye, Sir.

Tombo-chiqui. Where are you going?

Stranger. Just to join some company that is not far off.

Tombo-chiqui. No! I will have you stay: I have something to say to you.

Stranger. I have not time to hear you.

Tombo-chiqui. You are like to find time then: for I will have it so.

Stranger. (*aside*) I shall be well off if it costs me no more than my purse.

Tombo-chiqui. Tell me, are you an honest man?

Stranger. I profess myself one.

Tombo-chiqui. And how would you have me believe you, if you give me no securities? for you are none of you in this country to be trusted without that: come, give me some, and we will talk afterwards.

Stranger. What do you mean?

Tombo-chiqui. I say, feel in your pocket for them: there it is you put them.

Stranger. (*aside*) Yes! yes! his meaning comes out plain enough now: let me get off as well as I can.—I see, Sir, what you would be at: here is my purse, it is all I have.

Tombo-chiqui. Now, if any man was to ask the like of me I would kill him: for there needs no security be required of me: I am a man of honor, I.

Stranger. I see you are. Good bye, Sir, (*going*)

Tombo-chiqui. Stop.

Stranger. (*aside*) Again? good heaven! save me.

2 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

me ; he is certainly going to murder me, to make sure work.

Tombo-chiqui. Hang it, I am loth to deal with you in this manner, because you seem to me a good sort of man, and made honorable mention of the savages.

Stranger. Would to God, I had been born amongst them ! I should not be exposed to all the evils that persecute me.

Tombo-chiqui. Nay then, take your securities back again : I will take your own word for your being an honest man, since you wish yourself a savage.

Stranger. But, Sir,—

Tombo-chiqui. Do you know that I am a savage, simple as I stand here ?

Stranger. You ?

Tombo-chiqui. Yes I.—I am but this very day come into your country, and within these few hours have heard and seen more absurdities and follies than I should have learnt in a thousand years in our forests.

Stranger. Truly, I believe it. — (aside) God be praised, I breathe free again !

Tombo-chiqui. Tell me then, what has vexed you ?

Stranger. The loss of a law-suit.

Tombo-chiqui. What beast is that you call a law-suit.

Stranger. It is no beast : but an affair I had to discuss with a man.

Tombo-chiqui. And what sort of an affair was it.

Stranger. It is an affair that is like—let me see, like — why like a law suit. (aside) I am devilishly at a loss how to explain to him what a law-suit is, — You know I suppose we have laws in this country.

Tombo-chiqui. Yes.

Stranger. These laws are administered by wise learned persons.

Tombo-

Tombo-chiqui. Whom you call judges, do not you?

Stranger. Yes. Now if any one wrongs you of your property ; you summon him before these judges, who examine your reasons and his, that they may pronounce judgment between you : and this is called a law-suit.

Tombo-chiqui. Go on, now I understand what it is.

Stranger. It is now ten years ago that I commenced a law-suit against a man who had borrowed sixty guineas of me, and refused to pay me, and I have just now lost it.

Tombo-chiqui. Ten years ! a law-suit last ten years ! how can that be ?

Stranger. From the various quirks of the law.

Tombo-chiqui. What do you mean by quirks of the law.

Stranger. They are the mysteries of an art invented by lawyers, to embroil the clearest cases imaginable, which become incomprehensible, after a solicitor and an attorney shall have been at work upon them for six months.

Tombo-chiqui. And pray what are a solicitor and an attorney ?

Stranger. They are persons learned in the law, and versed in its forms.

Tombo-chiqui. Forms ! I don't know what that is.

Stranger. Forms are the order in which things are presented to the judge to avoid error.

Tombo-chiqui. Oh ! that's very well. So that with these forms there is no fear of error ?

Stranger. On the contrary : these forms it is that often occasion it.

Tombo-chiqui. And why ?

Stranger. Because it is from them, lawyers derive all their powers to embroil affairs.

Tombo-chiqui. But since there are judges established to administer justice, why do not they extirpate so iniquitous an art?

Stranger. In the first place, because they have been originally lawyers themselves: and next, because those quirks are found in the Law itself, which in those very forms it has provided for fencing error out, has in effect built a maze for justice itself to be lost in it, and her suitors to be devoured by the insatiable maw of her ministering dragons.

Tombo-chiqui. I find then that in this devilish country, your laws and your forms are as perplexed as your Reason. But tell me; since the judges will not, or cannot correct this grievance, and since you know that these solicitors and attorneys embroil your affairs, why are you such fools as to suffer them to put their nose into them? Sdeath! if I were to have a law-suit, and any of those rascals were to touch it but with the tip of their little finger, I would knock their brains out.

Stranger. It is not possible to do without them; they are necessary evils, being persons appointed by the laws, for the management of affairs that are carried before the judges; for you are not allowed to plead your own cause yourself.

Tombo-chiqui. And why are not you allowed?

Stranger. Because you have not studied the laws, and do not know the forms.

Tombo-chiqui. What! because I do not know the art of embroiling my own cause, I must not plead it?

Stranger. No.

Tombo-chiqui. Do you hear me? I have a great mind to break your head for the reward of your impudence. Is it because I have returned you your securities that you are bantering me thus?

Stranger. It is no banter, I assure you; what I tell you is but too true. The law, as things stand,

is one of our greatest grievances. The poor cannot come at it for want of money, and those who have not much of it, are soon drained dry.

Tombo-chiqui. What, do you give money too?

Stranger. Certainly. You must always have it ready upon the nail, to satisfy the blood-suckers of the law: otherwise, justice stops her ears, and nothing goes on.

Tombo-chiqui. The people of this country are be-devilled; they make money of every thing: they sell even justice.

Stranger. Not quite. They make a show indeed of giving the substance of it for nothing: but the forms of it are so expensive, that the benefit of it is swallowed up, so that the forms run away with the substance: I have exhausted myself to support my law-suit, and I have this day lost it, through a flaw in the forms.

Tombo-chiqui. And are you sorry for that?

Stranger. A pretty question truly!

Tombo-chiqui. Then are you a greater fool than I took you for! you ought to rejoice at it.

Stranger. Why?

Tombo-chiqui. Because you have got rid of a damn'd bad bargain, that you might have been glad to have lost ten years ago. As for me, if I had such a commodity, I would soon throw it into the river. But now I think on't, did not you say your law-suit was an affair of sixty guineas?

Stranger. Yes.

Tombo-chiqui. I am sorry you have lost it then; for if you had it still, I would desire you to give it me, I would then go and look out for my rogue of a pedlar, who wanted sixty guineas of me for his goods, and give him your law-suit in payment, to punish him for the tricks he played me.

Stranger. You could not take a better revenge. Your reflexions have relieved my vexations, and I
am

am sorry my business hinders me from enjoying your conversation longer. Good bye, sir. May you ever enjoy this innocence and simplicity!

Tombo-chiqui. Good bye—but hift! a word with you: never, whilst you are in your senses, have any more law-suits.

SCENE III.

Tombo-chiqui. (alone)

A law-suit is a damned execrable thing! I am half afraid of stumbling upon one as I go along: but, since it depends on the having money, I have a clever trick for your lawyers and their forms: I will never have any thing; so that then there will be no solicitors or attorneys, who will think it worth their while to embroil my affairs.

SCENE IV.

Sylvia. Violetta. Tombo-chiqui.

Sylvia. See where our savage has got to: but how came he so fine?

Violetta. Good day to you, Tombo-chiqui.

Tombo-chiqui. Ah, Violetta! my heart leaps for joy at the sight of you.

Violetta. You look very pretty in your new dress.

Tombo-chiqui. Is it possible you can think me the prettier for it?

Violetta. I do indeed.

Tombo-chiqui. So far as it pleases you I am glad of it. (Well! if the people of this country are not all touched in the brain, I will be content to pass for as great a fool as any of them.)

Sylvia. You fancy it then very extraordinary to be thought the prettier for the fine cloaths you have on?

Tombo-

Tombo-chiqui. To say the truth, I think it is a little odd to find myself on a sudden grown so handsome, without any thing in my own person having any share in it.

Sylvia. So that you laugh at Violetta for saying you are handsome?

Tombo-chiqui. No; I do not laugh at Violetta, because I am glad she should think me so; but I laugh at the captain, who told me some impertinent things, he wanted me to believe. For example, he told me, ah, ah, ah—

Sylvia. Well, what did he tell you?

Tombo-chiqui. He told me that the pretty fellows, of this country were dressed out as I am, ah, ah, ah.

Sylvia. (*Aside*) I cannot help laughing at it too.

Tombo-chiqui. He told me too, that it was fine cloaths that made a man well received in company; and that people here were ashamed of being seen with such as were not well-drest. Hah, hah, hah, he thinks me such a simpleton as to believe him.

Sylvia. And yet in that he told you nothing but the truth. There are even very sensible people in this country, who run into this vulgar prejudice as well as the rest. One would think a fine coat was an additional merit.

Tombo-chiqui. Lookee, There is not in all our woods a savage so stupid as not to burst his sides with laughing, if he were told there was such a thing in the world, as very sensible people, who judged of mens merit by their cloaths.

Sylvia. Nor would he be much in the wrong.

Tombo-chiqui. (To Violetta) I was told indeed, I should appear the handsomer in your eyes, for this silly finery, so you see what I have submitted to on your account.

Violetta. I am obliged to you for the complaisance.

Tombo-

Tombo-chiqui. Hah, hah, hah!—this is not all: the captain taught me too the grimaces and contortions that are to be used, with these cloaths. See, if I have them right. Thus: [*He mimics the pretty airs, and lip-toe trip of a modern fine gentleman.*]

Sylvia. At least, the copy is more entertaining than the original.

Violetta. Is that all the captain has learnt you?

Tombo-chiqui. Oh no; he has taught me to say fine things. Give ear. Madam, I return thanks to my happy stars that have brought me out of the wilds of — America, to—to—I say, out of the wilds of America to —

Violetta. Well, to what?

Tombo-chiqui. To say nothing at all. Plague of my memory, I have forgot all I learnt.

Violetta. I am sorry for it: for by the beginning, I am apt to believe it was something very fine.

Tombo-chiqui. How shall I do now then?

Violetta. Nay, I can't tell you.

Tombo-chiqui. What! must I be obliged to leave you, without having said any thing?

Violetta. Why, can't you tell me that you love me?

Tombo-chiqui. I could tell you that fast enough in the woods, and prove it too; but here I am as stupid as the stump of a tree.

Sylvia. (Apart) He's very diverting.—Follow my advice, Tombo-chiqui; never trouble your head with fine things, and only tell her what you think; that will be much more to the purpose.

Tombo-chiqui. You are right, and I like it better so; for, to say the truth, there were some things in the compliment I have forgot, that were no part of my thoughts. For example, there was in it that I could die for Violetta: now that is not true,

true; I should therefore have been loth to tell her so, for fear of deceiving her: I am not then quite so sorry now that I forgot it.

Sylvia. You have just now said much finer things than all that could be taught you; and Violetta ought to be very well satisfied with them.

Violetta. And so I am.

Tombo-chiqui. May not I then marry you without further ceremony?

Sylvia. You must have some fortune for that: are you rich?

Tombo-chiqui. No: I am poor; for so the captain told me but just now. I did not know it before.

Sylvia. So much the worse: my father, on whom Violetta depends, will not bestow her on you, if you are poor.

Tombo-chiqui. What is to be done then? harkee me; I am poor, it is true: but they say, the rich do nothing: now that part of a rich man I possess to perfection. I would not work for the world. Will not that qualify me for matrimony?

Sylvia. No, certainly. How will you maintain your wife?

Tombo-chiqui. I will share with her whatever the captain gives me.

Sylvia. But how will you find her in cloaths; if you have no money, and will earn none?

Tombo-chiqui. A mighty matter that truly. Let her go stark-naked.

Violetta. Oh, for shame!

Tombo-chiqui. Well then, I will give her my cloaths, and go naked myself.

Sylvia. That is not allowed of here: they would put you into Bedlam.

Tombo-chiqui. Bedlam! what place is that?

Sylvia. Where they put mad people, and those who are out of their senses.

50 TOMBO-CHIQUE: Or,

Tombo-chiqui. Then will I be sworn that I have not been out of Bedlam since I landed.

Sylvia. May be so; but you will not however obtain Violetta, if you have no fortune.

Tombo-chiqui. What mean spirited mercenary wretches the people of this country are! harkee me, Violetta do you love me?

Violetta. Yes.

Tombo-chiqui. Well then; come along with me, my girl, and I will carry you to a country, where we shall want no money to be happy, nor laws to be wise: our love shall be all our fortune, our reason all our law, and we will not say fine things, but what is better yet, Violetta, we'll do them.

Sylvia. I love Violetta too well to let her go: but, come, do not take on; I do not myself value fortune, and I will use my interest to get Violetta for you, though you have not one.

Tombo-chiqui. Do you give me your word of it?

Sylvia. I do.

Tombo-chiqui. Need I ask security of you, as one must of others here?

Sylvia. No, you may trust my promise.

Tombo-chiqui. Well, I believe it, since you say you are not one of those who value fortune: for it is only those who prefer their money to their friends, that need security being required of them.

SCENE V.

Golding. Sylvia. Violetta. Tombo-chiqui.

Golding. So, daughter, I am come to look for you, to prepare you for your marrying Mirabel this very evening: for I hear that poor rogue Clerimont is in town, and I would have matters concluded, before he may thwart them. So I expect your immediate submission to my positive commands.

Sylvia.

Sylvia. Clerimont in town! I am over-joyed at it, I long to see him; long to let him know how much his misfortunes endear him to me.

Golding. Provoking huffy! is this your obedience to a father's will and pleasure?

Sylvia. Sir, I know my duty, but I know too—that every thing is reciprocal between father and child, as amongst the rest of mankind. A father has his duties too. It is but just, children should respect their father in every thing; but it is no less just that fathers should set proper bounds to their authority over their children: and not push it the length of sacrificing them to their prejudices.

Golding. To make you happy, is not sacrificing you.

Sylvia. You think the match you propose to me, in wrong of Clerimont, would make me happy: I, on the contrary, am sure it would render me miserable: so that you and I are too much of parties to judge in our own cause. It must be a third that must decide between us.

Golding. That would be a fine matter of arbitration truly.

Sylvia. Let Tombo-chiqui judge us.

Golding. You have picked out a very solemn judge indeed.

Sylvia. Let us hear what he says however: there will be no harm done.

Golding. You are mad.

Sylvia. He loves truth, and always speaks it, when he knows it. Only explain the matter to him, and I will answer for the soundness of his judgment on it.

Golding. Well! for the diversion sake, you may try.

Sylvia. Harkee, Tombo-chiqui: I have long had a tenderness for a lover of mine; my father had

had promised I should have him : he was rich when I began to love him ; he is now poor : ought I to marry him though he has no fortune ?

Tombo-chiqui. If you loved only his fortune, you ought not to marry him ; because he no longer has what you loved him for ; but if himself it is you only loved, you ought to marry him, because in himself, he still has all that you loved.

Sylvia. Yes : but my father, who would have bestowed me on him when he was rich, will not hear of it now he is poor.

Tombo-chiqui. That is because your father loved nothing but his fortune.

Sylvia. And now he wants to give me to another husband who is rich, and whom I can't love, because I retain my affection for my first lover.

Tombo-chiqui. And are you sorry for that ?

Sylvia. Certainly.

Tombo-chiqui. Mind me ; is there no way to make this last new lover lose his fortune too ? and then your father won't bestow you on him.

Sylvia. No : that is impossible. What shall I do then ? shall I obey my father in taking the man I do not love, or disobey him in taking him I do ?

Tombo-chiqui. Is it for yourself, or for your father, that you are to marry ?

Sylvia. For my-self, I presume.

Tombo-chiqui. Then, marry the man you love, and let the old fool say what he will.

Golding. The judge, and the daughter are a couple of impertinent, saucy praters. But do you think this foolery will pass ?

Sylvia. I did not dictate to him what he has said, and yet bating the uncivilized terms of old fool, it is Nature and Reason, in all their purity, that explain themselves by his mouth.

Golding. Nature and Reason do not know what they

they say: you are a fool: there is no living upon love and fine sentiments: there must be fortune in marriage, or it is not worth a farthing. Oh, here comes the man I intend for you, Mirabel, and who is that with him; surely, it is not Clerimont! yet it is him: I do not understand the meaning of their being together.

SCENE VI.

Golding. Sylvia. Violetta. Tombo-chiqui. Clerimont. Mirabel.

(Sylvia runs towards Clerimont, Golding gets between them.)

Golding. Hold, sir, you must ask that gentleman's leave first. *(pointing to Mirabel.)*

Sylvia. Oh, Clerimont! welcome! welcome! I cannot express the joy I have of seeing you again.

Mirabel. Ah! I see already how the game will go. *(To Clerimont.)* Patience, truce with your transports for an instant.—Mr. Golding, our coming together is concerted; we have agreed to submit our fate to your daughter's decision: if it proves contrary to my wishes, as I foresee it will, I shall not the less approve it, and entreat of you as a proof of your friendship, that you will confirm her choice upon which ever of us it falls.

Sylvia. My choice of Clerimont has been long made, Mr. Mirabel, and I believe you are too much a man of honor, not even to condemn me, if I could have a heart so worthless as to go from it, or join in the cruelty of fortune against him. I never did, nor can love any one but Clerimont.

Clerimont. Generous, incomparable maid!

Golding. Lookee, Mr. Mirabel, you may do as you please; and so will I too. I am not to be taught

taught what is the part of a wise father, who knows what is best for his daughter; I shall not throw her away, even though you should not take her.

Clerimont. Sir, if it is only the reports of my misfortunes have indisposed you against me, it will be easy for me to destroy that objection: I have a greater fortune than ever, and if you do not think me in other respects undeserving of your alliance, I may hope you will not oppose my happiness.

Golding. Is it not true then, that you are ruined?

Clerimont. No, sir; it was only my being cast away on the Spanish coast, that gave rise to such a report; I do not desire you to take my word, you may, whenever you please, examine into the truth of what I say.

Golding. I yield to reason, Sir, (*aside*) I cod, I begin to think my daughter has not been so much in the wrong.

Clerimont. Permit me, dearest Sylvia, at your feet, to pour out my acknowledgements.

Sylvia. Pray rise, Clerimont, I am so overcome with all this, that I have not spirits or strength to answer you.

Golding. I ask your pardon, Clerimont, for the injustice I was doing you: forget it, and accept my daughter as a pledge of my friendship.

Tombo-chique. As far as I can see, the lovers of this country, are the best sort of people in it. At least they seem to have some feelings of humanity.

Clerimont. That's no wonder: a state of Love is a state of Nature.

Tombo-chique. Ay, and of Reason too, in course. But how now, father grey-beard, what do you think of my judgment at present? you was very angry at it just now.

Golding.

Golding. Oh, I am quite reconciled to it ; and allow it to be admirable.

Tombo-chiqui. Do you so ? then hence-forward let Nature and Reason be your Pilot-stars : they are surer lights than all your laws put together. The most these can do for you, is to supply imperfectly your want of natural Reason, with an artificial or a forced one. In short, you are Men in nothing, but so far as you resemble us, whom you call savages.

Sylvia. You do us justice.

Tombo-chiqui. You see I love Violetta, as you love the captain there, that is to say, without any regard to fortune : give her me then.

Sylvia. You have my consent, if you have hers.

Violetta. I cannot say but I think him very agreeable.

Clerimont. I understand you ; the making you both happy shall be my care.

Mirabel. For my part, great as my disappointment is, I honor the cause of it too much, not to be able to find my own happiness in that of my friend's.

*Who could at constancy thus crown'd, repine,
Or not in praising of its merit join ?*

F I N I S.

allow it to be admitted. Let us then hence forward let Nature and Reason be your guides: they are your lights: let all your laws be together. The most that can do for you is to highly improve your want of natural Reason, with an artificial one. In short, you are Men in nothing, but to far as you resemble us, whom you call as

various. You do us justice. Some-chance. You see I love Violets, as you love the garden there, that is to say, without any regard to fortune; give her no more. I have my content, if you have none. I cannot say, but I think him very agreeable. I understand you; the making you both happy shall be my aim. I honor the cause, or it too much, not to be able to find my own interests in that of my friend's.

What could it signify, if I were to say, I am your friend?